

time, the hope of a blessed immortality. This is a "lively hope," that is, a living hope, in contradistinction from a dead hope. The hope kindled by Christ's resurrection is a hope with vital, life-giving power.

It is said that the Romans had a practice of lighting up their tombs. In the tomb of Tullia, Cicero's daughter, when opened, a lamp was found. These lamps could illuminate the catacombs only for a day, and that with a glimmering light only, whose rays were confined to the walls of the catacomb. But the light Christ sheds upon the grave falls upon the vista of eternity, and you can see, at this glad Eastertide, immortality beyond. What a blessed hope this is.

We all want to live. The thought of death in itself is dreadful. Not merely the fact of dying, but the separations which of necessity are involved make us all shrink from it. But Christ said: "He that believeth in me, tho he were dead, yet shall he live." The Easter hope is a hope of immortality, of a blessed hope forevermore. It is also a hope of seeing and being with Jesus. Can we grasp it? Here in this life we talk about Jesus, read about him, sing about him, but go on and on and never see him. But there, when our Easter hope is realized, we shall see him face to face. We shall be like him, dwell in his presence and never again be out of his sight. No wonder Christians sing so joyously:

"Some day the silver cord will break,
And I no more as now shall sing;
But, O, the joy when I shall wake
Within the palace of the King,
And I shall see him face to face,
And tell the story—Saved by grace."

The Easter hope is also a hope of meeting our loved ones gone before. If he is immortal, and they are immortal, and we are immortal, then when we come to be with him we shall be with them too, with our loved ones gone before.

In Venice is a very beautiful monument in the form of a pyramid. Within that structure are the remains of a little child in the sleep of death. On the door of the strange tomb is the inscription: "Till He Come." By the door stands an angel, sculptured from the whitest marble. One hand of the angel rests upon the latch of the door, the other holds a trumpet. The seraph is peering intently into the distant heavens, watching for the first appearance of our coming Lord. Lo! He comes! and every eye doth see him. The latch is uplifted, the door thrown open, and the angel thru his trumpet shouts: "Little sleeper, come forth from thy tomb." You who mourn over the graves of loved ones, hear the lesson of hope that comes to you amid the flowers of Easter—"It is only till he come!" We are to see again those dear ones who have slipped away from us into the silent land. We are to hear again those hushed voices, touch those vanished hands, meet and evermore be with those we have loved and lost awhile. It is only "till he come!"

What is the duty of those possessing this

hope? It is the same as was Mary's the first Easter morning: "Go quickly and tell." If there is one day in the year which should be more a missionary day than another, we think that day is Easter. We have the good news. Surely we ought to tell it. If our hope of immortality is "a living hope," surely it will breathe speaking helpful, cheering, saving words to others. And it will walk; it will go to the grief-stricken, to the bedsides of the sick and carry comfort and help. And it will sing, and it will smile, and it will work. On our birthdays we give gifts. Easter is the birthday of hope. What more natural than that on this natal day of immortality we should give this hope to some one else?

We are told that in Jerusalem on Easter morning there is observed at the church of the Holy Sepulchre a wonderfully solemn and impressive ceremony. It is very early and the building is very dark. Not a ray of light penetrates the gloom to cheer the worshipers who throng the great auditorium, and not a word or sound comes from the multitude. Presently the Patriarch enters. Silently he makes his way past the people and to a curtain, which he lifts, and disappears into the place where they tell us the wounded body of our Lord once lay. The curtain closes behind him with a faint rustle, but still there is no whisper from the throng, no glimmer of light from altar or dome. It is as tho the sun were dead, the stars forgotten, and the voice of man hushed in the darkness and silence of that rock-hewn tomb.

But suddenly the curtains part once more, and as they sway aside the patriarch re-enters the church, bearing aloft a blazing torch which he has lighted at the Savior's empty sepulchre. Its light falls brilliantly upon the strained, expectant faces of the throng, and is reflected in thousands of eager, upturned eyes. Almost instantly a dark torch is thrust up to touch the burning one. It flames into light, and then another, and another, and another is brought, and soon hundreds of brilliant lights are blazing where nothing but darkness had been before. The long, silent arches ring with glad shouts of "Christ is risen! Christ is risen! The Lord is risen indeed," and then out into the city streets and along the highways everywhere go the light-bearers, kindling other torches as they run, until soon the whole town and the country round about glows with light, all originating at the broken tomb of the risen Christ.

Does this suggest to us our real lesson of Easter duty? It is to pass the blessing on. It is to kindle the torches of others. It is to try to give this living hope to some one else, and to continue to do so until the whole world is full of light—until every soul shall be illumined with the beautiful, cheering, holy light caught from the broken grave of Christ, the risen Savior of the world.

"And I shall see Him face to face,
And tell the story—Saved by grace."

—New York Observer.

Missions

From the National Capitol

Perhaps some are wondering why I have not written for several weeks. Well, I have thought that it would be a good thing to let the readers have a little rest and give more room for others. I am glad to see that from time to time new names are added to the list of correspondents. May the number still increase! It is a matter of great regret that there are so many congregations in the brotherhood that have so few EVANGELIST readers. I can not see how they can get along that way. It affords me much pleasure to learn that our dear Brother Cassel is to take up the work along that line in the near future. A general field worker is one of our greatest needs and Brother C. knows how to make a success of the work. For a long time some of us have been praying for God to raise up some one to enter the field in this way.

The work here continues to grow and develop most encouragingly; congregations very good, notwithstanding the fact that the weather has been against us for many Sundays, with but few exceptions.

Four more added by baptism at last prayer meeting; confirmation on Sunday evening and two more came forward for baptism. "Praise God from whom all blessings flow!"

The Lord has been very good to us in opening a way so as to furnish the church with comfortable pews for which we are very grateful. The church of the Incarnation, (Episcopal) of this city, offered us their pews at a very nominal figure; we accepted; the chairs with which our own church was furnished can be sold at a price to more than cover the expense of the pews. We are highly pleased with this change in every way. It is quite an improvement.

Just a little more than a month and we hope to be able to attend the conference at Saint James, Maryland. I trust that it will be well represented this year. Let us pray dear brethren and sisters, that "showers of blessings" may descend upon us there, and that all of the congregations may receive blessing from the same.

By the way, at that same conference last year, was there not a resolution passed to the effect that every pastor would take up a collection quarterly in every congregation—a collection for missions? I wonder if it has been done. I name this because if it has been done I have not heard any report of it thru the EVANGELIST, and if it has not been done, that is still worse. Why meet and pass resolutions in conference simply to be cast aside when we go home and not even remembered again till we meet in conference the next year. This is sometimes true. Let us hope that it may not be true in this case.

We are expecting Brother Cassel to be with us next Sunday on his return from the South. We shall be glad to have him pass